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"WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU WERE FIVE HUNDRED AND FIVE, LIKE ME?"
"I'D HAVE FIREWORKS."

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THE CECILIAN

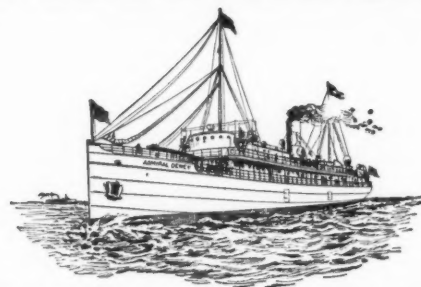
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THE STORY WHEN MOTHER HEARD IT.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

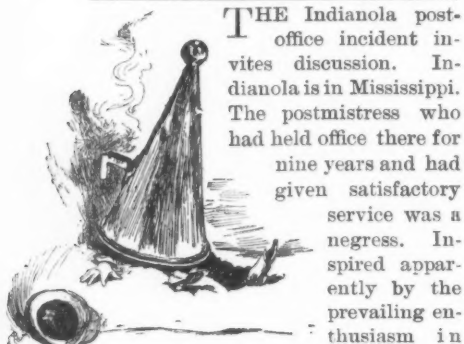
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THE Indianola post-office incident invites discussion. Indianola is in Mississippi. The postmistress who had held office there for nine years and had given satisfactory service was a negress. Inspired apparently by the prevailing enthusiasm in the South for white-man government, some of the citizens of Indianola invited her to resign. It was reported that she was threatened with personal discomfort unless she did resign. That has been denied. Anyhow, she was gently, perhaps, but firmly requested to resign, and did resign, and went out of town to recover her spirits. These proceedings displeased the Postmaster-General, and, with the approval of the President and Cabinet, he suspended the post-office at Indianola altogether, and had the mail for that place sent to another town inconveniently distant, much to the discomfort of Indianola.

Now it is a grievous thing for a town to be deprived of its post-office. Moreover, the chief end of postmaster or postmistress is to give satisfaction to the community served, and the fact that a postmistress's complexion is not of a shade acceptable to the patrons of her office is a fact that should be considered when it comes time to make a new appointment. Indianola is extremely grieved to have its post-office

closed, and we all feel for her, but the Postmaster-General maintains that he cannot afford to allow the Post-Office employees to be terrorized. "We terrorize nobody," says Indianola, and so the case stands, and the South doesn't like it. The appointment of Mr. Crum (colored) to be Collector of the Port of Charleston has also worried the Southern brother, and we hear daily that the South, which made great strides in brotherliness while McKinley was President, has been repeatedly affronted by Roosevelt, and is going to be solid and hostile again and flock by itself. This is pretty sad. It makes it appear that President Roosevelt has made mischief. It is not quite certain to the dispassionate observer that the punishment of Indianola has fitted the crime, but everywhere in the South and in both parties the movement to shut out negroes from all political influence and from all offices has lately made rapid advance, and it is at least pardonable in a Republican administration that it should feel constrained to demonstrate that, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, the rights and privileges of negro citizens are still going to be respected. That the President has offended the South is obvious, and it is a pity. But that he has antagonized it is not obvious. It looks rather as if he was the victim of changing conditions, and the rapid development in the white population of the South of the belief that it is the only population in the South the existence of which it is proper for the Government to recognize.



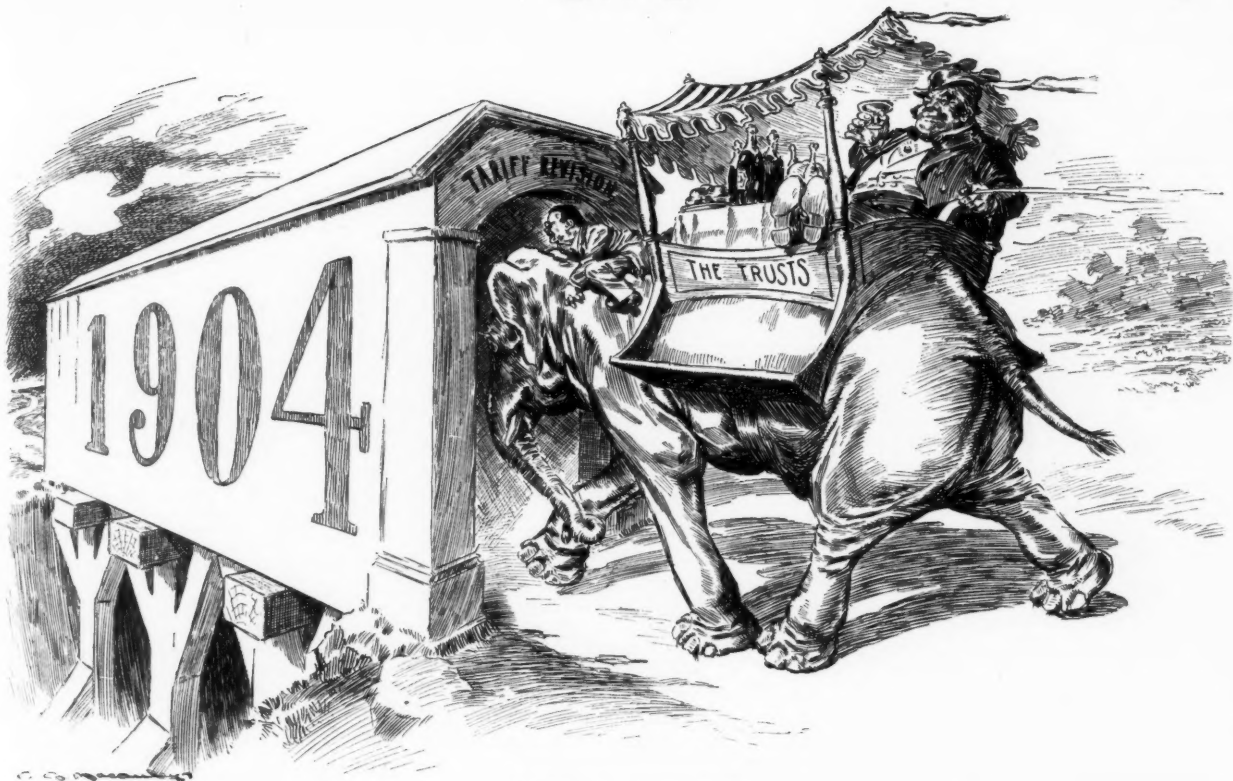
STIRRED by testimony given before the Coal Strike Commission as to hardships attending the eviction of certain miners' families from houses belonging to the Markles, Mr. John Markle has been at the pains to publish a long statement of the relations of his company to its employees. He explains, among other things, why the evicted miners were evicted, declares that they had ample notice, that they were advised by the Mine Workers' attorney not to move out, and that

no special reasons were known to the company for not evicting them. Mr. Markle thinks that the union which advised the men not to move should have looked after them. His explanation clears him of the charge of intentional harshness, and his general statement leaves a strong impression that the Markle miners, at least, had no just occasion to strike. The publication of such a statement indicates that some of the coal operators care nowadays for public opinion, and are willing to take some trouble to furnish means to form it intelligently.

The testimony of non-union miners before the Commission has given due prominence to the hardships endured by men who worked through the strike, and to the failure of the authorities to protect them. It is pretty plain that the union miners relied on terrorism to make their strike successful, and that there was no resolute purpose on the part of the State and local authorities to stop violence and protect men who wanted to work. The Commission is doing a very important work in bringing out the facts. Interest in its proceedings is kept active by the high cost and scarcity of coal. The lesson of the coal strike is being more thoroughly rubbed in than any lesson of the kind the American public has ever had to learn. If coal at from twelve to twenty dollars a ton can bring it home to the American consciousness that it does not pay to let either workmen or corporations defy the law, the service rendered will be cheap at the price.



CONGRESSMEN, Senators and possibly Presidents seem nowadays to have very vague notions as to the limitations of their job. An impulsive Congressman from Indiana, named Griffith, has introduced a bill limiting private fortunes to ten million dollars, and confiscating any excess for the benefit of the Federal Treasury. Go to, Mr. Griffith! Ten millions is not enough to have. What would become of enterprise if money-makers were limited to a mere competence?



"LET JOY BE UNCONFINED."

Society.

MR. AND MRS. MERGER HOGG think of taking the entire first tier of boxes for the opera next season. Mrs. Hogg says she loves music.

Mrs. Groundfloor Jones was confined to her palatial residence on upper Fifth Avenue last Thursday for several hours. She felt a toothache coming on. But, fortunately, it did not come.

Arizona papers please copy.

Mr. and Mrs. Goshwatta Pyle may change their breakfast hour this winter. But nothing is fully decided as yet.

She is a cousin of the Hon. Ennyole Figure.

Fashionable society is making a great pet of Mrs. Shaidie Ppast. Mr. F. Somewhat Punkyns is one of her warm admirers. So is Billy Ollfur Stile.

Mrs. Bullifat Inkum never wears the same shoes twice. She was one of the Heeps of Boston. They have always been fashionable.

Monroeism and Monarchy.

MONARCHY is inimical to civil liberty because it lodges the political power with one man.

But is Diaz less a monarch in fact than Maximilian was?

Is Castro less a monarch than Edward VII.?

Finally, is Wilhelm II. more a monarch than our own President?

The Monroe Doctrine is pretty foolish, but it sounds big, and we are bumptious.



"SAY, DAD, WHERE DO BAD BOYS GO WHEN THEY DIE?"

"THEY GO TO A TORRID ZONE, MY SON."

"DID you have many Christmas presents given you?"

"Yes, but I bear no malice."

TIME is ungallant: it tells on a woman.



SUGGESTIONS FOR ARTISTIC STREET SIGNS.
FOR THE GUIDANCE OF VISITING STRANGERS.



Literary Values and Other Papers, by John Burroughs, offers us the opportunity of spending some quiet hours in informal and intimate companionship with a delightful mind. Such invitations are few nowadays. Most volumes offer either to amuse us or to cram us with desiccated information. Mr. Burroughs talks with us, gives us of his individuality, offers us a mental hospitality at once unforced and charming. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

In the study of wild life with the camera the past few years have seen opened a new field, at once of popular interest and of scientific value. Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore has been a pioneer and is still a leader in this field, and in *Nature and the Camera* he

outlines his methods and aims. Mr. Dugmore is singularly free from any hint of pose. His explanations are simple, wholly sincere and eminently practical, and his results vouch for their effectiveness. His book is of real value to all workers in this branch of photography. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.35.)

We do not advocate the soft-drink habit in fiction, but to those who like the literary ice-cream soda of historical romance we can recommend the product of Francis Lynde's fountain, *The Master of Appleby*. It has the natural fruit flavor of old Virginia, the cool tinkle of rapiers and the piquant effervescence of love triumphant over villains. (The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

One dislikes to say disagreeable things about Alfred Austin. It seems like kicking a man some one else has knocked down. But there is really nothing pleasant to say about *The Haunts of Ancient Peace*, his

third sequel to *The Garden That I Love*. The old characters go upon a driving tour, and Mr. Austin has preserved for us, he says, the cream of their conversation. Alas! and Alas! (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

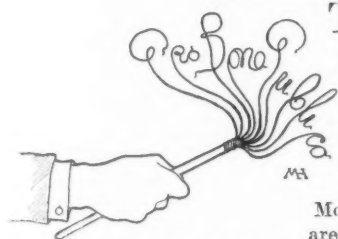
Mrs. Sarah P. McL. Green's new book, *Winslow Plain*, is delightful. It purports to be a man's reminiscences of his boyhood in a New England village and a picture of his friends there. Mrs. Green handles those good old elements, humor and pathos, with a charming delicacy. She is never boisterous and never maudlin. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

Richard Hume is a novel by T. B. Warrnock, dealing with Iowa life at an unnamed date and belonging to the class which depends wholly upon plot for interest. And the plot is that hoary plot where everything is explained when the villain turns out to be the girl's brother. (R. F. Fenno and Company. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.



Coal Mining.



THE coal mines are owned by widows and orphans. They are worked by slaves.

Moreover, there are the operators. When it chances that the widows and orphans murmur, and complain that their dividends are too small, the operators exclaim:

"What! Would you take the bread from the mouths of the poor slaves in the mines?"

And if it falls out that the slaves would have more wages, the operators protest:

"What! Would you take the bread from the mouths of the widows and orphans whose slender means are invested in these mines?"

It is their cleverness in working the widows and the orphans and the slaves that has won for these persons the name of operators.

"I NEVER could understand why a woman puts anything on her face. She deceives no one but herself." "Isn't that enough?"

Booky Bits.

A BOOK in the hand is worth two in the press.

Too many books spoil the trade.

Many hands make light verse.

Circumstances alter bookcases.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great characters.

Dead authors tell no tales.

It's a long page that has no turning.

Authors will happen, even in the best-regulated families.

Fine leathers do not make fine words.

Where there's so much puff, there must be some buyer.

A gilt-edged volume needs no accuser.

A profit is not without honor save on a best-selling book.

The love of sequels is the root of all evil.

A publisher is known by the Co. he keeps.

Don't look a gift book in the binding.

Two Vanrevells are better than one.

Some are born Corelli; some achieve Corelli; and some have Corelli thrust upon them.

Ye cannot serve Good English and Mammon.

An ounce of dialect is worth a pound of royalties.

Epigrams cover a multitude of sins.

A new boom sweeps clean.

Carolyn Wells.

The Answer.



A MAN, desperately in love, once sought a philosopher for a cure.

"I have had," said the man, "about all I can stand of this sort of thing. Between terrific quarrels and midnight make-ups, I'm about dead. I want to withdraw with honor and a whole skin."

"Your case is a pathetic one," said the philosopher. "My

advice to you is to study the workings of your own mind. You will find then that what you deem real is only, after all, the phenomena of being. This creature that you love is in reality only an illusion, a subjective projection, and exists only in terms of empirical consciousness. After awhile, by reflections of this sort, you will rise above such folly."

So the man went away and began to reflect upon the transcendental aesthetic, and the properties of space and time. But he found the relief was only temporary, for when the girl came and put her arms around his neck, he was as badly off as ever. So in despair he went to a wise man.

"I'm in love," he said, "and don't like it. I want to be calmer and do things worth while."

"Study astronomy," said the wise man. "After you have been at it for awhile your own insignificance will appall you. You and your girl will fade away. Then when you come back to earth, take care to bring only yourself."

So the man looked at the stars.

But there was the girl behind him, with her soft hands in his hair, and at last he gave it up. "What are a few picayune planets," he cried, "compared with her caresses?"

And then he was obliged to acknowledge that still he was not his own master.

And after the next quarrel he went to an alchemist.

"Mix me a drug," he said, "that will cure me of love."

The alchemist smiled.

"My friend," he replied, "to be candid with you, a great many fine stories have been floating around about sundry old potions for this purpose, but they are all quack remedies. The only cure I know of is prussic acid."

The man smiled grimly. "I don't want to die quite yet," he said. "I want to get rid of this love feeling. It's the worst agony I ever experienced. It blows hot and it blows cold."

"Well," said the alchemist, "go

and ask that clown over yonder. Maybe he'll tell you."

So the man went to the clown and told his story.

"Want to know the answer?" the clown grinned, as he puffed a machine-made cigarette.

"Yes, yes," said the man, impatiently.

"Marry the girl," said the clown.

Tom Masson.

Infelicity in High Places.

BERLIN.—As the Crown Prince of Weisnichtwo was beating his wife yesterday, her Highness lost her temper. The Prince was greatly shocked, but had the presence of mind to summon a patrol wagon.

It now appears that the Princess has always been wayward. The story goes that within a week after her marriage she refused to braid her hair in the form of a trunk handle for her husband to drag her about by.

The Prince bears up wonderfully. He appeared in public to-day and was enthusiastically cheered by the populace.



ROME.—The report that the Vatican will intervene to reconcile the Crown Prince of Weisnichtwo and his Princess is denied. The opinion here is that the Princess is not fitted to sustain the exalted responsibilities to which she has been called.

Character.

CHARACTER is a by-product.—Woodrow Wilson.

Mankind have always been more or less busy, it is likely.

What have they wrought?

Nothing permanent, except character.

So fleet the works of men, back to their earth again,

Ancient and holy things fade like a dream.—

The Tower of Babel has vanished. The Pyramids are vanishing. But whatsoever of character the Babylonians and the Egyptians built remains and will remain.

The saying that character is a by-product is smart. A successful pork-packer saying it would be voted clever. But a president of Princeton—

This is truly an era of remarkable things.

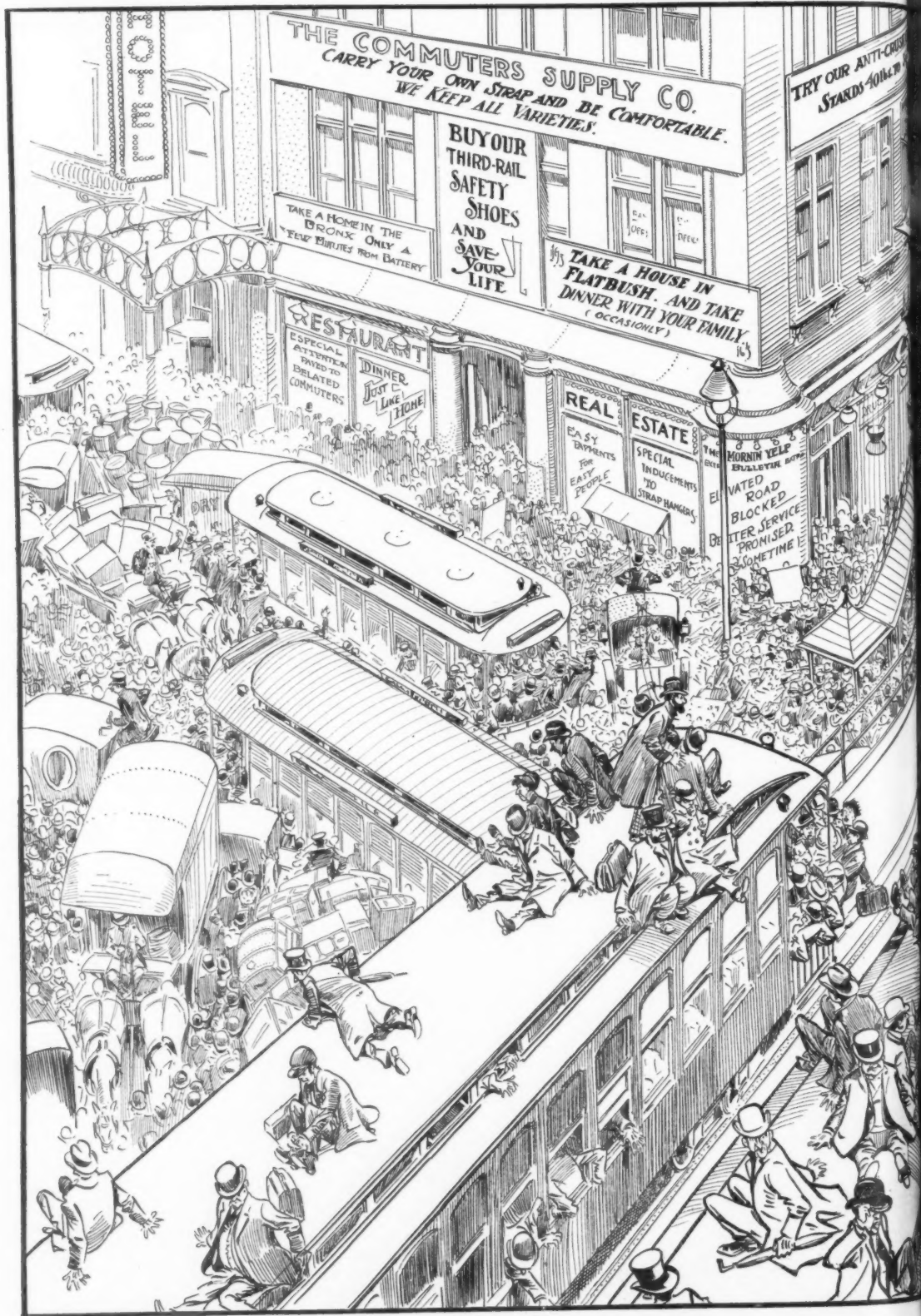


THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SON.

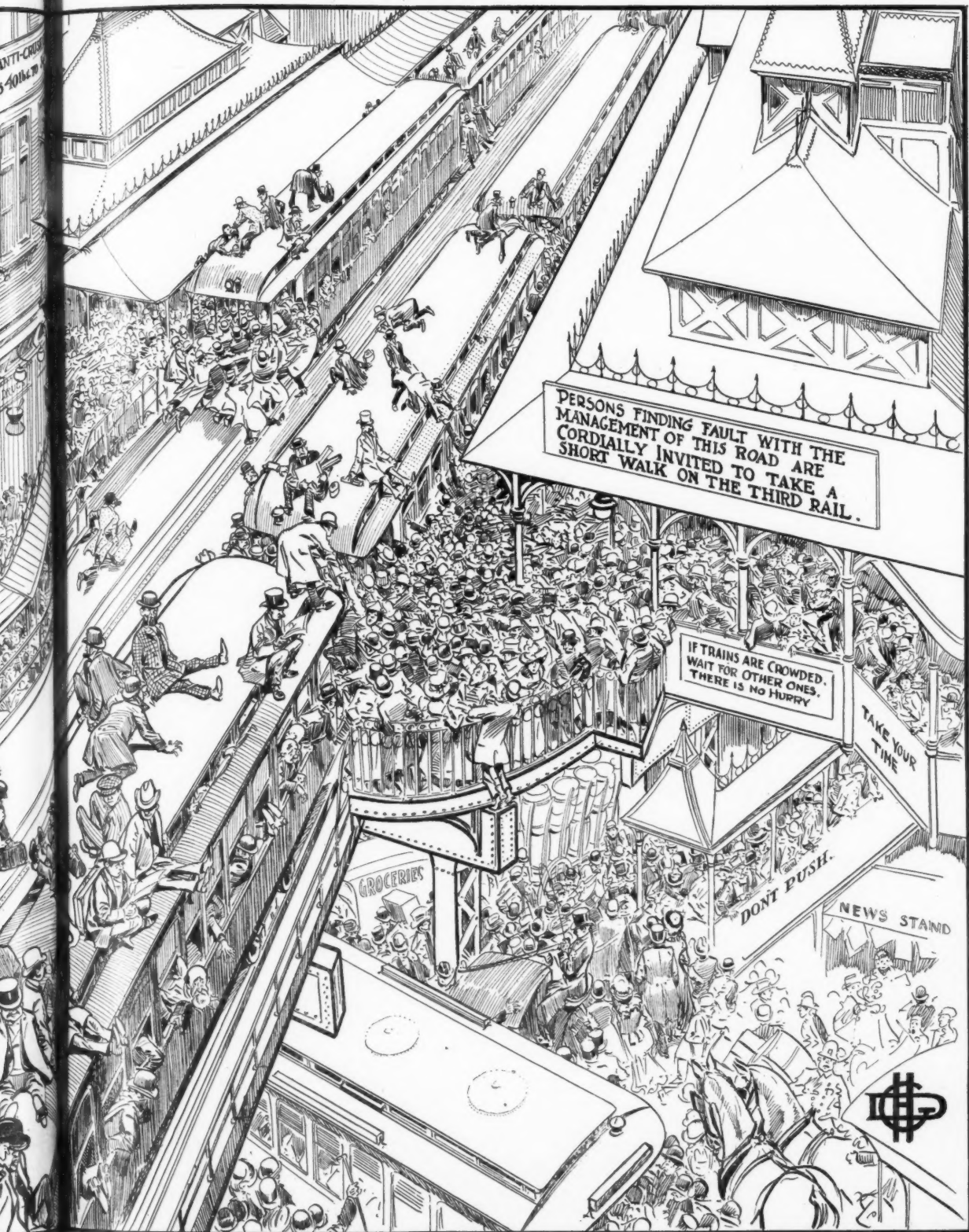
THE man who shrinks from attracting attention should marry.



Shade of Elizabeth: SPLENDEUR DEX! HAD WE BUT KNOWN OF THIS WANTON CONCEIT DURING OUR REIGN ON EARTH, OUR SISTER OF SCOTLAND
HAD NOT STOOD SO LONG IN OUR WAY!



E.





Once More to the War.

THE belligerent spirit is surely abroad in the land. Again we have soldiers, uniforms, bugle-calls, the rattle of musketry and the other paraphernalia of war, this time in a rather loosely constructed dramatization of George W. Cable's "The Cavalier." Union soldiers and

Confederate are mixed up in a variety of complications, all centering about the cyclonic career of *Charlotte Durand*, impersonated by Julia Marlowe. She is a vigorous young woman, and her doings in this play are made of such great importance that if she had been a real person in the days of the Rebellion she would have been "a bigger man than ol' Grant." See didn't mind sleeping in a car filled with ammunition; saving an ambulance train loaded with Confederate money was a mere bagatelle to her, and incidentally she carried on a very strenuous love affair with a military gentleman engaged in the arduous duties of standing well with the armies of both sides to the conflict. Naturally this led to doubts in the mind of a young woman devotedly attached to the interests of the Confederacy and to more or less heart-aching for every one concerned. Mr. Worthing impersonates this character, and it is to be confessed that he appears to better advantage in the dress-clothes of the carpet knight than in the accoutrements of a warrior bold. Julia Marlowe does not seem to be going forward in her art; in fact, there are evidences of retrogression not pleasant to those of us who have so often seen her at her very delightful best. She seems to lack enthusiasm, and both her sprightliness and pathos have become somewhat mechanical. The spontaneity which was one of her greatest attractions appears to have become forced. Her eyes are among her strongest weapons, but she resorts to the use of them until one almost wishes she would not try so hard to make them expressive. All this does not mean that Julia Marlowe has ceased to be an accomplished and attractive artist, but that she is not in this part at her best. One might almost imagine that she herself is not altogether pleased with the inconsequential play provided for her. The remaining members of the cast are competent, and the play goes along with a rush and a swing and a bustle thoroughly martial.



War as dramatic material, or it may be simply a case of thought transference among playwrights, actors and managers. Waves of this sort are not unusual in the theatrical business, and might be worthy of investigation by some of the workers in the



JULIA MARLOWE IN "THE CAVALIER."

field of psychical research. "The Cavalier" is a very pronounced example of the war play, and not an entirely satisfactory one, although it is far from uninteresting to witness.

NEW YORK, January 10, 1903.

EDITOR OF LIFE: Your paper is good, your directory for theatre-goers is better, but best of all is your frequent mention of the connivance of the "chosen" people with the ticket speculators—in their employ. This evening at 8.30, I went to Weber and Fields's. Box office said no seats. Speculator offered seat C 8 in balcony, first for \$1.75, then for \$1.50, latter being box office rate, as it was late. I declined. Came back in five minutes, or perhaps ten. Speculators all gone. Went to box office. "Have you a single seat for a dollar?" "Yes." And they gave me seat C 8 in the balcony. *Quare*.—1. Can you explain how the speculator got it? 2. Then how the box office got it back again? 3. And why the box office sold it for a cut rate? When I first saw the speculators they had a lot of seats and the box office none. On my return the speculators must have had no seats, for they had disappeared, but the box

office had quite a lot. But it is a small house and, besides, "they need the money." Yours devotedly, E. Z. MARK.

From our correspondent's signature we observe that he belongs to the family from which managers who do not deal fairly with their patrons derive their largest income. If all the E. Z. Marks in New York declined to be imposed upon, swindling managers would be driven out of business.

THE programmes at the New York theatres are, with one or two exceptions, a disgrace to a metropolis. They are cheap, inartistic, inconvenient to handle, and their poor ink is a menace to delicate gloves and garments. After a Sabbath day's journey through a mass of badly printed and ineffective advertisements one finds the programme proper, if one is lucky enough not to have overlooked it. Honorable exceptions to this state of affairs are to be found at Daly's and the Manhattan Theatre.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—Religious and scenic melodrama, "The Ninety and Nine." Melodrama with imposing fire scene. Worth seeing.

Belasco.—Japanese tragedy, "The Darling of the Gods." Artistic and impressive.

Broadway.—"The Silver Slipper." Musical comedy of average merit.

Casino.—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy. Amusing.

Criterion. Julia Marlowe in "The Cavalier." See above.

Daly's.—"The Billionaire." Musical comedy of the vulgar and commonplace type.

Empire.—Stock company in "The Unforeseen." Notice later.

Garden.—Last week of Mr. Sothern's excellent production of "Hamlet."

Garrick.—Annie Russell in "Mice and Men." Notice later.

Herc's Square.—De Wolf Hopper in "Mr. Pickwick." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"Mr. Bluebeard." Notice later.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala." Interesting.

New York.—"When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Musical and patriotic.

Princess.—Louis Mann in "The Consul." Notice later.

Savoy.—"The Girl with the Green Eyes." Frothy but amusing Clyde Fitch play, with Mrs. Bloodgood as the star.

Victoria.—"The Eternal City," which has been called "The Eternal Bore," but is, in fact, rather interesting.

Wallack's.—"The Sultan of Sulu." George Ade's clever musical comedy. Clean and funny.

Weber and Fields's.—Burlesque and vaudeville. Good seats may be purchased from pirates and highwaymen disguised as ticket speculators.

NUMBER THREE.

THE worst newspaper published in the United States is undoubtedly the *Nashville Daily News*. My reason for such statement is quickly told.

Very recently the editor of the *Daily News* was accosted on the street by a newsboy, who did not recognize him, thus:

Boy: Mister, I'm stuck. Please, sir, buy a paper.

Editor: I don't want a paper. Why don't you yell out what's in it? That'll sell it.

Boy: Hell! There's nothin' in it.

Billy B.

NUMBER FOUR.

The worst paper in the United States is three in number. *The Examiner*, which overruns San Francisco; *The Chicago American*, afflicting a village in Illinois, and *The New York Journal and American*, which infests the Empire State in particular, and every place else in general.

All three are the progeny of a notorious philanthropist named William Randolph Hearst, recently elected Congressman from New York in recognition of his services to the "Reds" who assassinated McKinley.

These papers may be classified with and compared to some malignant diseases, viz.: Small-

pox, Asiatic cholera and bubonic plague. It is hard to choose the worst, but on general principles the *Journal* gets the palm as the most far-reaching and influential. Just as the plague, bad enough when restricted to the pitiable crew of some tramp ship, could be a million times more dire if transplanted to the middle of Essex Street.

The *Journal*, like its brothers, feeds on the slime of sensation and the scum of scandal, and waxes fat on the diet.

It stands for nothing and nothing stands for it.

It is a respecter of no one or anybody, and nobody who is somebody respects the *Journal*.

It professes to represent the "Common People" by misrepresenting the uncommon people, and systematically reviles and criticises the Government without ever suggesting any practical remedy.

It stands for temperance on the one hand, and with the other rakes in the dollars from its liquor advertisements. One day a morbid cartoon by



"WHAT A SHOT THAT WAS!"

Worst Newspaper.

WHICH is the worst daily newspaper in the United States, and why?

LIFE would like to have this question definitely settled. With that in view we offer

A PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS IN GOLD for the cleverest contribution showing why any particular daily newspaper is the worst in the United States.

CONDITIONS.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close March 1, 1903, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.



"IF YOU FOLKS CAN'T LEARN MANNERS ENOUGH TO KEEP YOUR TAILS UNDER THE CHAIRS, YOU MAY GET SOME ONE ELSE TO WAIT ON YOU, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS ABOUT IT."

Dismal Davenport depicts the drunkard's disgrace, and the next day the same page is illumined by a champagne ad.

In times of peace the *Journal* howls for war, and when the country wars, it is the first to bellow for peace.

If the clear sky of prosperity is darkened by a cloud of disaster, the *Journal* says, "I seen it first." If some great good is accomplished, the *Journal* says, "I done it."

An inventory of the Sunday *Journal* is as follows:

Sixty-four pages of truculent guff;
Thirty-six more of sensational stuff;
Six colored sections for innocent youth;
Five social scandals, and one column of truth. *Oliver.*

Science.

"EUREKA!" cried the alchemist, trembling with joy.

Of course the old ass had found nothing. Of course he was chasing a rainbow.

But with the biologist who seeks a way to manufacture the protoplasmic cell, it is very different. That is, it seems very different to us.

Will it seem very different to people a thousand years hence?

FOREIGNER: Captain, when will we be in sight of New York?

CAPTAIN (of ocean steamer): Well, if the smoke lifts, we ought to see it pretty soon after we have tied up at the wharf.

A Result.



"GIVE us a three-hour working day and the right to fix our own wages!" demanded the Working-men.

"But then, how shall we maintain our fifty per cent. dividends on all this watered stock?" pleaded the Trusts.

While they disputed, the price of commodities became so lofty that the Ordinary Citizen, who could not be classed as either laborer or millionaire, could no longer afford to live and at last went to purchase a pistol. But the Firearms Trust had so long been tied up with a strike that weapons were within the reach of only the longest purses.

"Alas!" cried the Ordinary Citizen, "to me, already having been deprived of the necessities of life, those of death are now denied."

Later, however, not to be foiled in his object, the vulgar fellow drowned himself in the river.

The Future of Cattle-Brick.

(Manufacturers of Arbor-Vitæ Bolt-Nuts and Pebbola. With apologies to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.)

WHEN earth's last cookie is cooked, and the eggs are broken and fried; When the freshest jelly has moulded, and the oldest rooster has died; We shall starve, and, faith, we shall feel it—just fast for an aeon or two, Till the doctor of all sanitariums shall give us a brick-bat stew.

And those that are hungry shall suffer, they shall sit in a chair of wood; They shall eat with a pewter ladle of new predigested food. They shall find real gravel to chew on, done up in a nice paper box; They shall eat for an age at a sitting, just forever a-chewing those rocks.

And only the doctor shall feed us, and only the doctor shall say, That no one shall eat an apple, and no one abstain from hay. But each must devour a health-food; each must stuff till he fall, Must chew on a stale malted biscuit and never slake hunger at all.

Carl Lewis Bernhardt.

Pensions.

THE case of the Kansas veteran who was converted to Christian Science, and thereupon relinquished the pension granted him by reason of rheumatism and stomach trouble, presents difficulties.

What becomes of the man's republicanism?

Seriously, does not this sort of thing jeopard the basic purpose of the pension system?

We cannot afford to trifle with the interests of Christianity and humanity, to say nothing of our destiny and the national honor. Merely to suggest a way out, the pensioner who is converted to Christian Science, and thus finds himself doubting the reality of the physical ills by reason of which he is pensioned, might still accept the bounty of a grateful nation on the ground of mental weakness.



"HERE 'SMI REGAR'S (HIC), FELLERS. ALLUS (HIC) LIKE T' DRINK WITH GEN'LEMEN MYSE'F!'"



"IF YOUR DAUGHTER TRUSTS ME, SIR, WHY CAN'T YOU?"
"SHE DOESN'T CARE HOW MUCH A THING COSTS, AND I DO."

• LIFE •



AN OMAR FOR LADIES.

One for her Club and her own Latchkey fights,
Another wastes in Study her good Nights.
Ah, take the Clothes and let the Culture go.

Nor heed the grumble of the Women's Rights!
Look at the Shopgirl all about us—"Lo,
The Wages of a month," she says, "I blow

In to a Hat, and when my hair is waved,
Doubtless my Friend will take me to the Show."

And she who saved her coin for Flannels red,
And she who caught Pneumonia instead,

Will both be Underground in Fifty Years,
And Prudence pays no Premium to the dead.

Th' exclusive Style you set your heart upon
Gets to the Bargain counters—and anon

Like monograms on a Saleslady's tie
Cheers but a moment—soon for you 'tis gone.

Think, in the sad Four Hundred's gilded halls,
Whose endless Leisure ev'n themselves appalls.

How Ping-pong raged so high—then faded out
To those far Suburbs that still chase its Balls.

They say Sixth Avenue and the Bowery keep
The dernier cri that once was far from cheap;

Green Veils, one season chic—Department stores
Mark down in vain—no profit shall they reap.

—Josephine Dodge Daskam, in *Harper's Magazine*.

"THIS," observed Wu, as he lifted a box-like affair from his trunk, "is one of the greatest wonders of America."

"It doesn't look very wonderful," commented Tsi Ann, tucking one foot up where she could sit on it and the throne at the same time.

"No, but even in America no one can understand it. Listen."

"Don't put that thing to my ear," cautioned Tsi Ann. "Is this another of those telephones?"

"O, no. This is worse than the telephone. It is a gas meter."

"A gas meter? What does it do?"

"The consumer."

"How does it work?"

"That is a mystery. It is only known that it works always and untiringly. It works while you sleep and while you wake. It never stops. It is constructed after the Newtonian theory of creation. It has something in it that just keeps it whirling on and on, at so much per revolution, and nobody knows what keeps it moving, and nobody can stop it."

"That's funny."

"Funny, yes. But very sad in America. Listen to it. Hear it running right along. Thank Confucius and the 900 gods of the Pale Green Moun-

tains! The gas company never will get the chance to read what this meter has recorded."

"But," said the Empress, "is there no escape from this in America?"

"None."

"It must be worse than manifest destiny."

"It is."

"Wu," remarked Tsi Ann, with that intelligent smile which has enshrined her in the hearts of curio collectors, "Wu, I am glad you were sent to America. At one time I almost had decided to become civilized."

"So had I," acknowledged Wu, "but the bite of the dog, as the foreign devils put it, will cure the hair."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"NEXT month," wrote the editor of one of the most progressive of the many magazines having each the greatest number of intelligent readers, in his prospectus, "we shall begin the publication of a series of 1,000—count them—1,000 articles on the Second Epistle of St. Peter, by the colonel of the Seventy-ninth Regiment of Oklahoma Volunteers!" Then he remarked to his *entourage* that he guessed certain rival publications would wish they had never been born, so hot had the pace become.—*Detroit Journal*.

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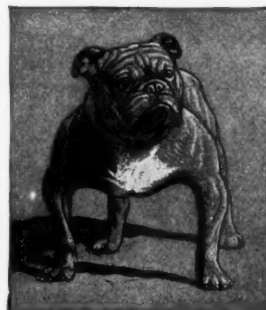


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— NEW YORK —

• LIFE •



SHE met him in the darkened hall;
Said he, "I've brought some roses."
Her answer seemed irrelevant;
It was, "How cold your nose is!"

—Varsity Fortnightly.

For convenience, really superior hotel service for select patronage, and climate, there is nothing for New Yorkers quite like Lakewood, New Jersey.

LAUREL HOUSE.

LAUREL-IN-THE-PINES.

"It's a fact, Aunt Kate," said the young man. "Father says he will pay my way through college, but after that I'll have to stand on my own merits."

"Let us hope it will not be so bad as that, Rodney," soothingly replied his elderly relative.—Chicago Tribune.

GET strength of bone and muscle, purify the system with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Druggists.

"THIS is the best stove in the market. It will save half your coal."

"Is that so? Then give me two of them, so's I can save it all."—Chicago Daily News.

OFF to Old Point Comfort, Va.! The scenery is sublime. Historic. Wouldn't miss it! A postal to the Chamberlin brings a booklet.

"Now, phwat wud ye do in a case loike thot?"

"Loike phwat?"

"Th' walkin' diligate tills me to sthroike, an' me ould woman orders me to ka-ape on wur-kin'."—Woman's Home Companion.

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WHEN somebody once misinterpreted Thomas B. Reed's refusal to take a glass of whisky as an endeavor to reform a bad habit, he remarked: "I hope you don't think that I ever needed two sidewalks on my way home."—Argonaut.

By the sad sea waves, drink a bottle of delicious Champagne. Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It is the very best.

A NEBRASKA cowboy eloped with his employer's daughter; the angry father shot him in the hip; a preacher married the pair while the doctor probed for the bullet, and then the preacher went out with a gun and chased the father away.—Buffalo Commercial.

THE one hundred and sixty-sixth anniversary of the birthday of Thomas Paine, Thursday evening, January 29th, will be celebrated in New York by a dinner at the Hotel Marlborough, at which all admirers of the "author-hero of the revolution" will be welcome. Addresses are promised from Messrs. Moncure D. Conway, Hugh O. Pentecost, Henry Frank, and Rev. Minot D. Savage. Seats must be engaged several days in advance, and may be obtained from Mr. Edwin C. Walker, 244 West 143d Street, New York, at one dollar and twenty-five cents each.

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"I always knew he didn't care a wrap for her."—Philadelphia Record.

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Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change from thine."

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—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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